

DEADLINE DICK, THE COPY COPPER

FOREWORD—Dick Deadline, one of the truly great failures in the newspaper underworld, has consented to "do" a series of articles for the waste-basket of this publication.

He is also doing time at a Government institution.

He was sentenced for having failed to kill a troublesome editor. Dick Deadline's innermost life will be revealed in these columns unless the censor calls it no contest. Those of you who have read Colonel Waterson's "Looking Backward" will get a chaser out of Mr. Dead-



"He Is Also Doing Time."

line's autobiography, which should be named "Looking Cockeyed." Although the translation into English was as tough as a Congressman's fedora kelly, both author and dictionary are doing as well as can be expected. —G. F.

I was nothing but a young and innocent boy that night, my first night on Park Row. Scores of veteran news-

paper men were on duty, looking for stories in the bar-rooms. The clink of eyeglasses mingled with the clink of beer glasses.

Through the drifting snow of that warm December night I got my first glimpse of Larry Libel, the great City Editor of the Illustrated Squirt and Commercial Atomizer.

"Got a quarter, son?" he asked.

I immediately resented the slur on my ancestry. In a tense voice I replied that I was broke. Mr. Libel spoke in a stiff voice. (He was plenty stiff after his hard day in Nassau Mike's Oyster Bar and Chop House.)

"You're so young to be in the newspaper business," he mused to himself so that everybody could hear.

I informed him that I wasn't in the business. But the great City Editor wasn't looking for information. They never are. He explained that I had used the password—"Broke"—and that I must go to work immediately unless I had something more useless to do.

"There's a big murder mystery near the East River," he began. I asked him where the East River was and he said it was to the west of Grant's Tomb. He added:

"You are assigned to clear up the mystery by making it deeper. Never mind the river, for that is deep enough. A girl, forty-two years old, with one silk stocking in her hand, has been found by boys-hunting for a place to play put-and-take."

"How do you know her age?" I ventured to ask Mr. Libel.

"By the stocking. If she had no stocking that would signify that the murderer had made way with it. Murderers take hosiery only when the victim is in the

twenties. This woman evidently had been begging the assailant to take her stocking, which makes her at least forty-two."

"But," I interrupted him, "if you know all the details, why send a man to clear it up for you?"

The man whose name meant something among Park Row beeo bearers decided to answer me without consulting the owner of the paper:

"My boy, nothing is clear. That is why I am so fond of reading my own mind. It is not clear. Whiskey sometimes is clear, but that only proves the exception to the rule. Take the subway down to South Ferry and then walk over to Times Square and after riding a cross-town



"Somebody Crowned Me With a Walking Stick."

car to the New Jersey Palisades you can figure out where the East River was before they moved it. Now do your worst, Dick, and that will be none too good for the old sheet."

I asked him how he knew my name and he replied that

every copyreader's name was Dick. I thought he was complimenting me. I am still wondering about it.

I followed instructions, as new men sometimes do, and half an hour later was seated in the third row at the "Follies." I had found a ticket in the pocket of the gentleman who sat next to me in the subway. The beautiful chorus girls gave me the opinion that murder couldn't be avoided when the audience went home to their wives to ask for divorces.

I had left my name at the box office in case the murderer had me paged. A young woman at my right winked at me during the intermission. I immediately deduced that she was not the East River victim. She couldn't have been forty-two. But, remembering my duty to the paper, which by this time I was beginning to call "the old sheet," I had to verify that stocking clue. Maybe she was the woman after all. I leaned over as though to hang the picture on the floor.

I must have been too lean. Somebody crowned me with a walking stick, it was claimed, but I believe to this day that Mr. Ziegfeld had the balcony lowered instead of the curtain. When I came to, although I really never have done so to this day, I saw the face of Larry Libel, the great editor. He was asking the doctor:

"Will he live?"

The doctor, who I later succeeded in tricking into suing us for libel, replied:

"Live? Why he hasn't been born yet."

The great editor, drawing out his handkerchief instead of a flask, tried to drink it while he said:

"He must have gone to the wrong river, but he has a stocking in his hand."

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LETTERS FROM A HOME-MADE FATHER TO HIS SON

A FEW REFLECTIONS FROM THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON.

DEAR SON:

I just been readin' a book by a fellow named Anonymous tellin' about the ancient mariners that's tryin' to run th' ship o' state at Washington. It's a wonder to me that the old craft ain't tipped over and sunk long ago. There's nothin' like a book o' this sort, though, to increase folk's self-respect. It does the boys back home good t' know that th' chaps what's trimmin' th' sails is not as dumb as they are—they're dumber. That's one o' th' fust principals o' democracy.

There was a time when folks wouldn't think of abusin' a famous man unless they had good legs and a sound wind. That was in th' dark ages when there wasn't enough light t' see 'em very clear. Besides which a man could sneak off an' become great in a decent, private sort o' way. It's hard to set th' world afire with th' bucket brigade standin' behind you. But if you can collect a few fellows that's wanted by th' police an' lead 'em on a holey war to some country what don't show on the map, yer chances fer fame is only limited by th' strength o' yer lungs.

There was nothin' seemed to rouse th' simple phesant folk o' those days like a mouthful o' dust from a passin' hero.

"Hurray fer th' Duke of Gargoyles! Who is he, do y' ask? Sah! Not so loud or he'll give you a free course of instruction in his subcellar. I don't know, an' who cares? He's a great man an' if you holler it loud enough he'll give you a shillin' to prove it."

Happy Duke o' Gargoyles! He didn't need to take a correspondence course to find out how to be great. He had th' secret o' success hangin' from his belt an' if you didn't show proper public spirit you'd get hit over th' head with it. Th' main requisites fer fame in them days was a pair o' dumbbells and a set o' chest weights.

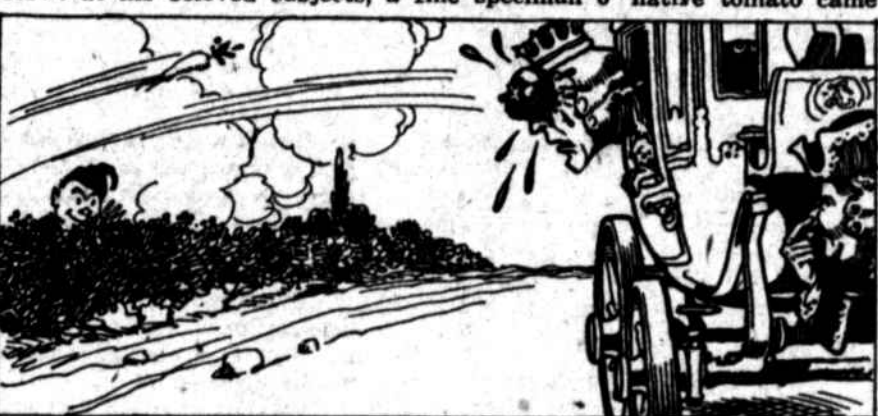
It's hard to say just where the idear o' democracy got started. Like as not there was a woman in it somewhere. P'haps one day a young yokel was walkin' with his girl when she seen a cloud o' dust approachin'.

Quick," says she, "Down on yer knees. 'Tis our Royal Harness, th' king."

"Not me," says he, stickin' his thumb in the armpit of his vest.

"Not my knees. That ain't th' kind I am. I'm as good as any man livin'."

Whereupon th' brave lad, decidin' he'd risked enough fer one day, crawled under a hay stack an' waited for the lightnin' to strike him. But th' lightnin' never came an' the story got around as stories will. Then one day, when th' King was leanin' from his carriage to scowl at his beloved subjects, a fine specimen o' native tomato came



"The King Receives the First Message of Democracy."

soarin' towards him over a hedge. Instead o' being struck dead on th' spot, th' deliverer o' this first message from th' common people walked quietly home, while th' king pulled in his head an' wiped th' seed o' democracy from his Royal face.

Once started, Democracy spread like poison ivy. Any theory o' government that gives a man an excuse fer not bein' better than he is, is bound to be popular. The only reason folks work is to beat somebody else. If you've got everybody tied without gettin' out o' bed why not throw a shoe at the alarm clock an' sleep till dinner? A true son o' democracy knows no equal—only inferiors. He wouldn't look out th' window to see th' greatest man in th' world go by unless it was to empty a pail o' water on his head.

There's a sayin' it pays to know th' great. It does. Every great man you know is wuth thousands o' dollars to you pervidin' you can think up enough nasty things about him to fill a book.

There is two ways o' writin' successful biographies. The English

way is to hire a country house an' a claw hammer coat an' then invite a number o' prominent folks to spend Sunday. Havin' hid a stenographer under every sofa you spend th' day askin' 'em fool questions. Divide the answers into chapters, and a few insultin' remarks about their personal appearance to show how witty you are, stick yer photograph on th' front page as a kind o' contrast, an' th' book is ready fer market.

Somebody like this is bound to be popular:

"Davie Lloyd George is a charmin' fellow in spite of his uncouth appearance an' lack o' brains. Between me an' you, th' man knows nothin' an' even that I had to teach him myself. After dinner, while Artie Balfour an' Herbie Asquith an' that delightful old rip, Curson, were playing Twenty Questions fer tuppence a point, I pulled Davie into a corner.

"Tell me," I said, 'Confidentially o' course. Don't you think you made an awful hash o' the Irish question?"

"Quite so. Quite so," he replied an' I could see that he looked startled.

"The incident evidently made a deep impression on him, for several hours later, when he fell down stairs while attempting to go to bed, I heard him still muttering, 'Quit so. Quite so.'"

"The following morning he came to me after breakfast, placed the entire question in my lap and left the house nervously."

The other kind of biography takes less money but more trouble. It means strikin' up an acquaintance with somebody that knows th' man you're goin' to write about. O' course this ain't absolutely necessary, but if you don't you're apt to get the name wrong or somethin', an' there's nothin' like accuracy in biographies.

This kind reads somethin' like a judge givin' a man thirty days.

"Senator Harvester might 'a been a great statesman. As it is he's such a poor one that th' writer feels sorry fer him. There is no doubt that if he'd had some brains, a less disagreeable personality an' a figger that didn't look like a toy balloon, he'd 'a been a different man. History'll never be able to explain why he was in th' cabinet four times an' Senator fer twenty years. I will. Nobody else was any better in that collection o' small an' ignorant minds. 'Sicem simple menthalatum transit,' as th' president o' Carlyle has said so often."

I often wonder what great men think about when they read these

accounts o' themselves an' how they keep their wives from thinkin' th' same thing.

"I hear there's an interestin' article about you in this new book by A Gentleman With a Mudshovel," says Mrs. Harvester.

"Pooh, pooh," says th' modest statesman, reachin' out eagerly.

"What have I ever done to deserve praise?"

Then, as he glances down th' page while clearin' his throat, he finds he never done anythin'.



"'Tis Nothing That'd Interest You."

"'Tis nothin' that 'ud interest you," says he, droppin' th' volume quietly behind th' sofa. "Just a technicle book full o' figgers an' statistics. I'll read you a few chapters out o' H. G. Well's 'Outlines o' History' instead. They say he rips Napoleyun up th' back somethin' awful an' don't leave Caesar a rag t' stand on. I always had an idear that these great men o' history didn't amount to much."

No, my son, I've read all th' books about th' gentlemen who are at the helm, an' I'm convinced that none o' 'em is fit to handle a rowboat. I'm fer movin' 'em an' puttin' in th' chaps what write th' books. There's a body o' men what only has t' see things once t' know all about 'em.

Yours fer treatin' public servants as such,

AMOS H. AMESBY,

Fath

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WHOOZUS-WHOZZUS

AMERICA'S album of distorted characters wouldn't be fit for the fourth class mail if the epitaph of Cinder Ella was omitted like flowers at a divorce trial.

Cinder was the sorriest citizen who ever tilted a soup bowl. He gets into the Whoozus-Whoozus bible solely on his reputation for having started the world-wide habit of buttering bread whole. His footsteps are being followed in forty-seven nations and Yap, the copyright on his nimble chunk of table etiquette having expired after the expiration of the customary seventeen years. During that relapse he practiced it exclusively. Now everybody is doing it.

To Cinder goes the ignominious credit of starting all the bum dining-room manners not practiced by the best society. He perfected his code of table d'oats caelesthenics while living alone on his desert island in the Arctic Sea with only the fellowship of a million homeless grasshoppers.

When he had broken all the polite customs as adhered to in cabinet and diplomatic centers, he invented some new eating rules and busted them too. After he had committed every faux pas known to the culinary profession, he had a quaint way of trying to chin himself on the chandelier above the banquet board. In brief, he was a dining-room chimpanzee. He could pick his teeth equally well whether lassoed to his chair or dangling limply from the crystal candelabrum. His services were sought by the best circuses in the booking house, but clown food didn't agree with him so he preferred to loiter around his own village and amuse the tourists.

Probably no violation of correct conduct won him quite so much notoriety as his ability to juggle olives while he munched away at

Biographies of Infamous Persons

intermittent doses of Brazilian celery. Connoisseurs from the best slums, free-lunch joints and bread lines declared Cinder not only couldn't be beat at loose table habits, but couldn't even be equaled.

Although a weak forte by which to lay claim to fame, Cinder is the sort who claimed everything and admitted nothing. He always asked for a recount and never failed to protest the decision. A rumor once evaporated his way that a guy had been dug up who could salt Cinder away in a rough and tumble molar campaign. Cinder heard the echo of this bad news and started on the war path.

Quicker than a Chinaman leaving an opium raid, Cinder issued a defi. Seconds arranged the time and the place and the implements.

The food gladiators were to fight with knives, forks, toothpicks and other kindred cutlery. A board of referees from starving Russia were to sit in judgment and the spiffier who disguised the greatest amount of food in himself was to be awarded a set of Indian Clubs.

Training staffs were employed and suitable quarters obtained for preparatory obsequies. Practice meals were served in both camps three times a day and four times Sundays when large handful of curious spectators would motor from town to see the candidates gobble up everything in sight including a painted basket of fruit dangling on the wall. Admission was charged to each performance.

Cinder was so confident of victory that he blithely layed a side bet of fifteen or twenty cents on himself. His manager heard of this and remonstrated him curtly for extravagance and oblivion to the value of money. The same night a paid attendant crept into the room of the stakeholder and picked his pockets for the wager and any other change loitering in company with it.

Cinder's antagonist was very anxious to out-scuff Cinder. He began

on a carefully prepared diet of eight scrambled eggs, seven slices of toast, a crate of cantaloups and twelve gallons of coffee for breakfast. On hearing of this, Cinder increased his morning menu from two sides of bacon to three, nine scrambled omelets to twelve, six dozen buckwheat cakes to an even hundred and a tank cap of buttermilk instead of coffee which he innately felt was rapidly taking his appetite.

After breakfast he took some severe exercise such as winding the victrola.

His luncheons were always light, never consisting of much more than a barrel of spinach, several yards of bread (buttered), a quarter of beef (raw or uncooked as his trainer directed), potatoes ad lib, green peas a la knife, corn (with the cob on), sardines (unopened), and a freezer of ice cream.

His evening meal was the heavier and most spectacular. The largest crowds assembled for this ordeal when he would have his full staff of flunkies poking odds and ends down his tonsils with pitchforks and whatnot.

That terrible hour of the contest arrived on time. Nobody was present except the combined population of the two counties which the contestants represented.

The gladiators entered, the arena stripped to the waist. Both had a look of confidence on their stomachs. The gong sounded and the soupeating could be heard above the din of the applause. Each was administered equal capsules of everything until he was unconscious when it was the duty of his attendants to cheat wherever possible, which was everywhere.

After hours of continuous agony, the race began to warm up. Both gasping for breath and the helpers were still packing it in.

By Skillet Finn

Cinder would swallow a whole live ham and the crowd went wild. His opponent did away with an un-picked chicken and the mob howled for more.

Cinder came back strong by consuming a young roast pig.

Enemy encored with devouring old roast yew. The paid admission cheered itself dizzy and the stands rocked with emotion.

It commenced to look like a six day bicycle race.

The judges were now judging in shifts; six going to the hay while six looked on hungrily and propped their eyes open with flying prongs from silver plated forks.

The crowd's mouths were watering for something to eat, but none would leave for fear he would miss something.

Cinder brought the throng to its feet when he inhaled a bushel of unshocked oysters.

That play was trumped when the other guy ate a barrel of horse corn without shelling it.

Cinder called for demi-tasse which was served in wash boiler. His opponent yelled for something substantial and got a punch in the beizer from Cinder, who had wrenched himself loose from his moorings and was beginning to eat his way into the audience.

He grabbed his challenger by the foot and was eating his ankle off when the police interfered and pronounced the orgy over. Cinder died the same night from hydrophobia while blood poisoning was a little late in developing in the other guy who didn't croak quite in time for a twin funeral.

(Your illiterate career won't be complete unless you read next Sunday's true story of the meanest man out of jail.)

How to Write a Movie Play

hero blamed for it. Then clear up the whole business with a death-bed confession from the villain. T' has always been a good one.

Here's another little idea that we could use ourselves, but to show you that we really want to help you we'll let you use it. When the villain wants to marry the heroine and the girl's father refuses, why the villain can easily make him consent by merely holding a mortgage on the old home.

Don't forget to use the following as your last sub-title: "And They Lived Happily Ever Afterward." Then have a close-up of the hero embracing the heroine, and have the scene slowly—very slowly—fade out.

Good cinema is the easiest to

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

YOU can make about \$77,843.26 a year writing movie plays if you want to use your spare time. Every once in a while you read in the papers where some factory miss or some bootblack jotted off a five-reeler and received four or five thousand dollars for his or her efforts. In fact, it's a wonder we're not all writing movie stories today, as the things are so darn simple to write. Of course, there's a few things every movie writer should know. These rules, however, can be easily and quickly learned. Our experts all use their spare time writing movie stories; they do it just to earn side money to buy safety razor blades.

We finally have persuaded them to give to the public the correct rules for successful photoplay writing. Naturally, they sort of refused at first, but when we

promised that we'd buy them enough safety razor blades to last them for a year they condescended. So they have drafted the following lesson for the amateur movie scribe. If you can't write a successful movie play after reading and studying this lesson why we don't give a darn. On with the lesson.

First—The best way to write a photoplay is with a lead pencil, pen and ink or a typewriter. This is very essential. Paper, too, is another requisite. After you have corraled a typewriter and a bale or so of paper you are ready to start.

Second—No matter how original and different your plot is, if you don't give the leading lady a chance to have eight or nine close-ups taken you might as well throw your manuscript in the wastebasket. If your manuscript

has a male lead you must also give the hero a chance to display his curly hair and pearl white teeth.

Third—Keep away from rural dramas. Unless the heroine has a chance to wear at least 522 new and stylish dresses your manuscript will be returned to you faster than that.

Fourth—Do not keep your stuff true to life. A guy with a salary of twenty-five bucks a week lives in a hall room and uses the subway to go to and from work in have your hero, on the same salary, live in an elaborate apartment with six or seven servants and ride to and from his work in a limousine. In the movies the hero usually gets paid in rubber money; that's how he makes it stretch so far.

Fifth—Always keep your stuff

original. Some new and original situations that are being used in every movie plot are the following:

When you want some one to mysteriously disappear, just have 'em lose their memory temporarily like you have seen in dozens of movies.

When you separate a brother and sister in childhood, always have them meet and fall in love when they grow up and be on the verge of marrying when their true relationship is discovered. This has been an original idea for many movie plots, so go ahead and use it. If you don't somebody else will.

If the father won't consent to the daughter marrying the hero, just have the hero save the father from a terrible accident or finan-